IS THERE A RUSSIAN BOURGEOISIE? BY E. H. CARR

THE Nation

October 1, 1955
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Carleton Beals and Francis Dane

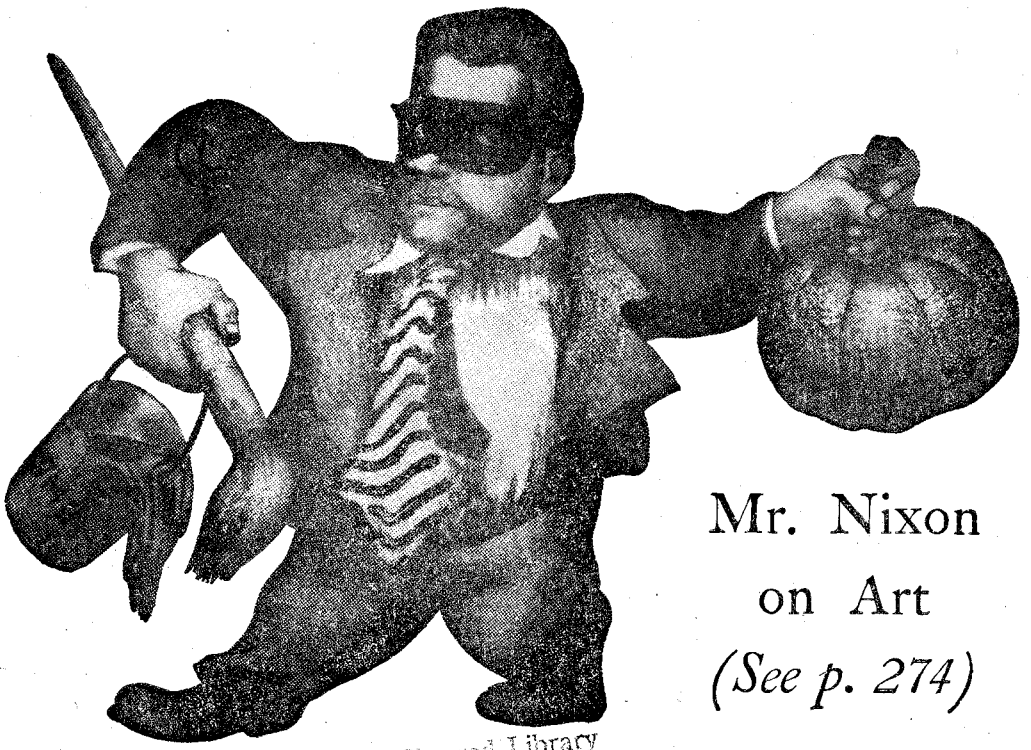
WHO WON IN ARGENTINA?

Lessons of the Revolt

Dan Wakefield

JUSTICE IN SUMNER

Land of the Free



Mr. Nixon on Art

(See p. 274)

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

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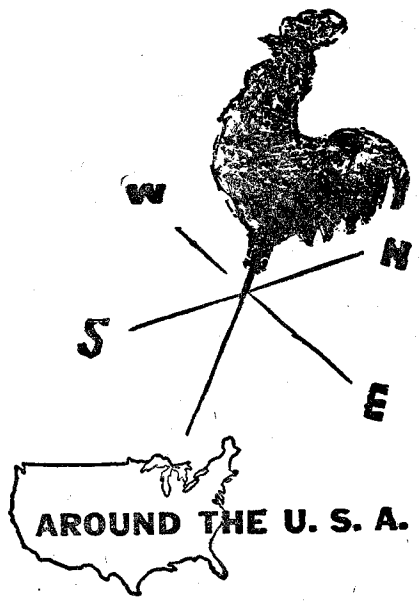

Fresh Breezes on The American Campus

Minneapolis

A NEW forthrightness in the area of civil liberties marked the Eighth National Student Congress of the United States National Student Association (N. S. A.), held from August 21 to 31 on the campus of the University of Minnesota. The organization, representing 300 schools, attempts to crystallize the opinion of American students as a group rather than to carry out a specific program. Delegates range from the crusading liberals to the ultra-conservative. There is a large minority of delegates from Roman Catholic denominational schools.

For the first time in its history, N. S. A. this year opposed "political test oaths" for faculty and students on campuses and in the R. O. T. C. and draft programs. Its resolution declared that "oaths which require individuals to indicate political beliefs, affiliations and associations" are "procedurally ineffective and create an atmosphere of fear and insecurity which inhibits the exercise of rights of free inquiry and association which are essential to academic freedom." But the group did not oppose investigation, "where relevant," by an employer of a person's political background nor the use of a "positive oath of allegiance" to the state or federal Constitution.

N. S. A. s academic-freedom resolution of last year, which viewed membership in "totalitarian conspiratorial groups" as casting strong doubt on the academic competence of a faculty member, was changed in a new statement, carried by a plenary vote of 168-108, which declared that membership in such "groups or organizations that advocate violent overthrow of the government is not, in and of itself, sufficient grounds for dismissal from a university position, but that dismissal is justified only after investigation of each individual case proves professional incompetence or lack of integrity." The declaration further condemned the methods of "some of the current investigations into education" and recommended that "Congress change its methods so as not to endanger freedom in the academic community," and, while noting the desirability of a cooperative attitude toward investigating committees, stated that refusal on constitutional grounds to testify regarding "views, affiliations and associations . . . is not justifiable cause for dismissal."

A RESOLUTION criticizing the Attorney General's list as a denial of "the full benefit of constitutional protection to organization around certain political principles" passed the N. S. A. Educational Affairs Commission, but the congress accepted a milder substitute condemning "the placing of any organizations upon any list of subversive groups, without due process of law," and opposing "use of the existing Attorney General's list as a determinant of the loyalty of citizen-students." At the same time, the substitute opposed "discrimination" against *past* members of subversive organizations and those who associate with present or past members.

Discriminatory practices and segregated education were of considerable concern to the delegates. A lengthy model code of practices for educational institutions was adopted which opposes discrimination on the basis of race, color, national origin, sex, creed, religion, political belief, or economic status in admissions, classroom procedures, scholarship grants, teacher training, employment, student placement, housing, health, and recreational facilities. The code suggests specific policies in accordance with this principle, as, for example, in the area of admissions where quota systems, the requiring of photographs with applications, and inquiries concerning such matters as race or religion are opposed as "not in keeping with fair educational practices." Debate was most heated in regard to a section calling for the establishment of specific time limits for the removal of discriminatory clauses from the rules or rituals of student organizations. Fraternity advocates, delegates who opposed the principle involved, and those who feared "compulsion" joined to lead a move to delete this section and won their point, 160-147. The code as a whole carried overwhelmingly.

A STATEMENT on desegregation, calling for compliance with the Supreme Court decisions and opposing legislation or action intended to thwart desegregation, such as discriminatory zoning of school districts, was carried with only about seven negative votes. This resolution, presented as a "compromise," stressed the recognition of local needs and problems and a gradual approach.

Policy in the area of international affairs, where N. S. A.'s program is most extensive and expensive, was determined for the most part without plenary debate. As each International Affairs Commission resolution was read a delegate moved acceptance by acclamation, which of course placed critics of the proposed policies on the defensive. Academic relations with Russia, a highly controversial issue at previous congresses, was disposed of with almost no debate in a resolution stating that "attempts should be made to realize the improved prospects for successful student exchange with this area in the form of practical programs for the coming year, emphasizing especially long-term academic exchange." The same motion included a plan for establishing scholarships for exiles from "certain totalitarian countries."

McCarthyite attacks, which have troubled N. S. A. in recent years, were noticeably absent although some of the more conservative delegates continued to express worry lest their organization be labelled "radical."

PAUL BRESLOW

[*Paul Breslow is a student at the University of Chicago.*]

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A Bundle from America

IT LOOKS AS IF Secretary Dulles were enlarging his reputation as the only bull who carries his own china around with him. This time it is his German policy which shows signs of cracking. The story began with Adenauer's visit to Washington in mid-June. At that time, Dulles and Adenauer produced an unwritten understanding to the effect that (1) if there were to be a major settlement with Soviet Union, it must be a package deal including German unification; (2) neither Bonn nor Washington would conclude a separate peace with Moscow in the cold war. In short, the United States and West Germany undertook to refrain from coming to terms with the Russians except in consultation with one another.

A couple of days later, Dulles and Adenauer met Harold Macmillan and Antoine Pinay in New York and persuaded the British and French foreign ministers to join the American-German arrangement.

The significance of these moves emerged sharply at the Geneva summit conference in July. There it became plain that the West's price for a new European security system was Soviet assent to unifying Germany. Russia insisted that European security must come before German unification, while the West demanded a simultaneous approach to both issues. The Geneva discussions ended with the pivotal question unresolved.

The United States-British-French package deal with West Germany was never officially announced. Britain and France were said to have joined the agreement with some reluctance; neither Macmillan nor Pinay liked being asked to associate themselves with a ready-made deal hatched by Dulles and Adenauer. But there were graver reasons for Anglo-French misgivings. The deal meant that any security pact that the West could negotiate with Moscow would have to be shelved until Russia acquiesced in Germany's unification. Sir Winston Churchill long ago proposed a Western Locarno with Russia—a treaty under which each member would aid any signatory power if attacked by another. At last July's Geneva gathering, Sir Anthony Eden renewed the suggestion and defined it more precisely, nominating five nations for membership: United States, Britain, France, Russia, and Germany. The crux of his proposal was that the other three would guarantee Germany against Soviet aggression and Russia against a German attack.

But Premier Bulganin clarified the Soviet position in Geneva and again to Adenauer in Moscow, once more stressing Russia's refusal to countenance a unified, rearmed Germany tied to the Western military system. So the Churchill-Eden pact plan is left dangling.

LATELY developments have taken a new turn. A few weeks ago the United States produced the draft of a security pact for Europe. Britain also presented written proposals. The documents were exchanged among Washington, London, Paris, and Bonn. Senior diplomats of the four Western powers discussed them last week in the United States capital. This week they were before Dulles, Macmillan, and Pinay as they conferred in New York, where they were joined by West German Foreign Minister von Brentano. The relevant papers are labelled top secret, but their essentials are known.

The German unification and European security package is falling apart. As this is written, it is too early to ascertain whether the Western foreign ministers have managed to repair the wrapping. They are bound to patch up a common front before they face Molotov on October 27 for the second round in Geneva. The crux is a basic difference between the American and British approaches. Britain's plan lends itself to certain advances in the field of European security even while there are two Germanies. The United States, on the other hand, makes the whole security treaty conditional on Russia's assent to a unified Germany free to belong to the Western military camp.

Britain envisages two separate accords. One is the five-power Locarno-type pact already mentioned, postulated on a unified Germany, which could be expanded to include other countries. The second envisages the limitation of armed forces in the heart of Europe. It would establish two zones. One would be entirely demilitarized and would reach 100 miles on each side of the iron curtain in Germany, bisecting Berlin and including segments of Poland and Czecho-

The effects of President Eisenhower's illness on American policy here and abroad, as well as the new turn it has given the election picture for 1956, will be dealt with at length in coming issues of *The Nation*.

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slovakia. The second, known as the "zone of control," would reach further to the East and in the West would extend to Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg, its deepest point penetrating some eighty miles into France. Troops, armaments, and military installations in the second zone would be reduced.

Both the American and British plans provide for exchange of military information on the level of forces and their movement, as well as for joint inspection teams. Unlike Britain's scheme, the American draft is said to omit any call for the numerical reduction of forces in the treaty area. The British regard their buffer-zone plan as a military measure to be considered apart from German unification. The implication is that it could provisionally be applied to a divided Germany. That is why diplomats regard it as partly untying the Dulles-Adenauer package.

Dulles may already have induced his British and French friends to go on making German unification the key to European security. But warning signals indicate his policy may prove to be a fragile one.

Mr. Nixon on Art

In a telegram to Harold Zellerbach, president of the San Francisco Art Commission, Vice-President Nixon urged that the public should be given a "full opportunity" to see Victor Arnautoff's caricature of him as "Dick McSmear" which, at Mr. Zellerbach's request, had been removed from the San Francisco art festival. In the Vice-President's view, Mr. Arnautoff has "the right to express his opinion and . . . the people should not be denied a full opportunity to hear or see his expression of that opinion." Mr. Arnautoff's standing as an artist "is attested by the fact that he is on the staff of one of America's great universities [Stanford] . . . And because of the position he holds, his views on any subject have particular significance."

While we applaud the Vice-President's magnanimous attitude, and agree that the public has a right to see Mr. Arnautoff's work (see cover), we cannot refrain from pointing out that Mr. Nixon's views on art have undergone a remarkable transformation since the tide turned against McCarthyism. As long ago as July 18, 1949, Mr. Nixon, then a member of the House, wrote to C. E. Plant, past commander of an American Legion post, about the Anton Refrigier murals in the Rincon Annex of the San Francisco Post Office. "I realize," he said, "that some very objectionable art, of a subversive nature, has been allowed to go into federal buildings in many parts of the country. . . . At such time as we may have a change of Administration and in the majority of Congress, I believe a committee of Congress should make a thorough investigation of this type of art in government buildings with a view to obtaining removal of all that is found to be inconsistent with American ideals and principles" [see *The Nation*, January 10, 1953].

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WHO WON IN ARGENTINA?

In The Nation *of June 11, Lisandro Montes wrote from Buenos Aires: "Peron is finished as a political equation." Five days later occurred the unsuccessful putsch against the dictator. In* The Nation *of September 17, Arturo Frondizi, leader of Peron's chief political opposition, the Radical Party, gave warning that the Argentine people would not continue to tolerate Peron's tyranny. The day the issue appeared on the newsstands, the second successful revolt had begun.*

What were the causes of Peron's downfall? Who will gain by it? The following two articles give some of the answers. Carleton Beals, author and lecturer, spent many years in Latin America: Francis Dane, a European journalist with a Latin American background, recently visited Argentina and has followed the story closely.

At The Crossroads

by Carleton Beals

WHEN public leaders utilize the well-worn slogan "for God and Fatherland," they are usually up to no good. Such were the noble words of the leaders of the Argentine military revolt which centered in northwestern Cordoba, the "city of monks and churches." But neither God nor the Fatherland are likely to be overjoyed at the rivalries bound to occur among the generals and admirals for power over the Argentine nation. Whatever the crimes of Juan Peron, it is still too early to tell whether the armed uprising represents freedom or progress.

The revolt sought, first of all, to conserve army-navy privileges menaced by Peron's plans for a counterbalancing labor militia and by the growing disintegration of the political and social coalition he had held together for twelve years by contradictory concessions and balance-of-power-tactics. What made the revolt possible was the military men's knowledge that the country as a whole had turned against the dictator. When on August 31 Peron appealed to his *descamisados*—the "shirtless ones"—to throng the streets in his behalf, the response was poor. It was even worse during the early days of the recent and successful revolt; pro-Peron union leaders, calling for demonstrations against "reaction" by the rank and file, succeeded in bringing out only a few hundred *desperados* instead of the hundreds of thousands of *descamisados* they hoped for.

But if armed force has now rid Argentina of Peron, it has not rid Argentina of the many problems of the industrial revolution. The country's great stresses spring from its rapid industrialization since the beginning of Warld War II. Then it was still predominantly agricultural and ruled by a feudal pattern. Today only twenty per cent of the people are employed directly in agriculture. The new native industrial class is now more potent economically and politically than the old wheat and meat barons, and a new labor and peasant movement, which has grown from a few hundred thousand to six million, also represents new power, though it has been channeled under Peron into serving the state.

Where does Argentine business—Peron's great ally—now fit into the picture? Peron took over the conservative blueprints for a self-sufficient Argentina—lessened dependence on foreign trade, reduced influence of foreign capital, planned promotion of native industry, and Argentine ownership of resources. At once he bought out the British railroads and utilities, as well as the I. T. and T., and made foreign banks and insurance companies handmaidens of his new policy of industrialization. He revised tariffs, monetary controls, shipping rates.

Such a program called for war on the old feudal aristocracy, symbolized by his suppression of the Jockey Club and *La Prensa*, owned by the richest landholding clan. He promoted Argentine's first peasant organization and enacted his *Ley de Peon:* minimum wage, eight-hour day, proper food and housing, vacations, and medical care. Further to break the feudal hold, he nationalized foreign trade in farm products, using the profits to promote state-private industries, and took over all farm-equipment imports, utilizing distribution as a punitive weapon.

The third step in promoting native industry was to make labor an effective instrument of the state. Strikes then could be directed against foreign enterprise, or if against native industrialists, the state could subsidize either the entrepreneur or labor or both. This pattern is like the one used early in the Mexican revolution and in other southern countries attempting to emerge from colonial dependency. Peron's speeches and legislation suggest that, though with him it was a power game, he was aware of the role he was playing.

Certainly much of his strength was due to the fact that he always had a social program of some sort, and until recently most of his opponents never espoused anything but civil liberties which they never had respected when in office. This was why he was able to split every party from the extreme right to the Communist Party. Long ago the more social-minded in the right-of-center Radical Party went over to him. So did the younger members of the Socialist Party; in one state the entire organization did so. He won to his side the Catholic extremists.

But his recent head-on collision with the church—which has been political, and concerned with privileges, not in any way with religion—was inevitable, for it involved the modernization of the Argentine state in line with his own dictatorial aims and with the new industrialization. His "betrayal" might have been carried through successfully had not the fight coincided with the weakening of his controls in other di rections.

Long ago he purged the army, but an army never stays purged. He had "sidetracked" the navy, or so he thought, but its officers are the elite from the wealthiest landholding families, are very pro-Catholic and also super-nationalists. Finally, his church fight coincided with the proposed concession to a Standard Oil company, a touchy matter in Argentina. Many supporters had become disturbed by other concessions also—as those to Kaiser and Odlum

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of Atlas for rights over resources such as uranium.

And so, at the end, the "nationalists" who as anti-imperialists honestly believe in Argentine economic independence, and the "nationalists" who follow the Spanish phalanx and hate the "Protestant-Jewish-capitalists" of Gringoland, join hands, and the meteoric Juan Peron finds himself outward bound. The question is whether the provisional military government—pro-Catholic, pro-landed aristocracy, and anti-labor—which today rules the country will make good its pledge for free and democratic elections. In other words, which kind of "nationalists" ultimately will come out on top in Argentina?

The Role of Oil

by Francis Dane

WITH Peron out, Standard Oil of California has reason to worry about some of its own plans in Argentina. At stake for the oil company was an agreement with the Peron regime, which needed only the approval of the Argentine Congress to become effective, to explore and exploit the oil potential of an area in Patagonia more than three times the size of Massachusetts—31,000 square miles, more or less. And it is perhaps worth noting that the latest rebellion against Peron broke out a fortnight before the September 30 deadline fixed for legislative approval of the oil deal.

Early this year Arturo Frondizi, leader of the Radical Party opposition to Peron (see his article in *The Nation* of September 17) published an interesting review of the role which oil has played in the political and economic life of Argentina. The study covers the period up to 1943, the year of the military *coup* which culminated in Peron's ascension to power. What emerges clearly from Dr. Frondizi's book is that every Argentine regime since the beginning of the century showed greater zeal in protecting the country's oil resources than has the Peron government, despite the latter's professed devotion to the principles of "economic nationalism" and "anti-imperialism."

Supplementing Dr. Frondizi's book is a pamphlet recently published in Buenos Aires which cites the facts on Peron's oil policy. What is remarkable about this study is that its author, Silenzi de Stagni, was himself a Peronist; he was given a professorship of agricultural and mining law at the University of Argentina during the Peronist regime. Yet the implications of the pamphlet are profoundly anti-Peronist. The author points out that since 1949 the YPF—the national agency set up to exploit the country's oil resources—has been urging that it could cover all domestic oil needs with its own production if the government would supply the necessary equipment. YPF estimated its financial needs at $25,000,000 in foreign currency, a sum which the government consistently refused to advance even though dollars were being squandered for the importing of luxury goods, automobiles, etc. Further, the Peron regime instituted a policy of repression toward the YPF, curtailing its powers, dismissing its workers in arbitrary fashion, and in general destroying its morale.

Since the first of the year rumors began to circulate in Argentina that Peron was preparing an oil "give-away" to American interests. Peron's propagandists set the climate in shrewd fashion: Oil was useless so long as it remained underground, they declaimed; foreign capital and equipment must be brought into the country so that Argentina's oil resources could at last be realized. Peron created the impression that the capital and equipment could be obtained only from the United States. Then, in April, came the agreement signed by Peron's Minister of Industry, Orlando Santos, and the Compania California Argentina de Petroleo S. A., a subsidiary of Standard Oil of California. Some details of the agreement, as reported by J. H. Carmical, petroleum editor of the New York *Times*, are worth giving. Under it the Argentine government

> . . . will have no control . . . over the administration of the Standard of California subsidiary incorporated in Delaware to direct the Argentine project. . . . For the life of the contract, the company has free import rights for all equipment needed. . . . Funds may be brought into the country without restriction or taxes. All sums received by the company in local currency may be freely remitted abroad at the exchange rate provided in the contract. . . . The company is exempt from all contributions, taxes, and charges, direct or indirect, except income and excess-profits taxes. These are limited to 50 per cent of net profits in any year. . . . No royalty payments on oil are to be exacted. . . .
>
> If the government should terminate the contract, it would have to make payment to the company in dollars of the unrecovered part of the total investment, the probable net profit, based on existing reserves, that the company would have obtained during the remaining life of the contract, and 25 per cent of the field value of the crude oil produced after cancellation from the zones considered to be promising by the company at the time of cancellation. . . .
>
> Provision is made for the settling of any disputes regarding economic, financial, commercial, or accounting matters by arbitration.

It is not surprising that an agreement such as this, which virtually creates a state within a state and robs Argentina of sovereignty over some of its own territory, should have aroused bitter and widespread opposition even among Peron's own supporters. A conservative Argentine economist expressed the opinion that the agreement "very nearly creates a new Republic of Panama within the political borders of Argentina."

In any case, many of the military as well as the civil leaders of the revolt of June 16, and also of the latest rebellion, are opposed to the agreement as a surrender of national sovereignty. The conservative Miguel Angel Ortiz, member of the right wing of the Radical Party and a former national deputy, told *Accion* of Montevideo: "National independence cannot be maintained by bartering away the national wealth in a manner reminiscent of a hapless Asia of bygone days." But United States Ambassador Nufer, stationed in Buenos Aires, felt differently about the agreement. In a July 4 speech in the Argentine capital he called it a symbol of the new era of friendship between his country and Argentina.

Once the document was signed, attention focused on its fate in the national legislature. It was not surprising that the main Peronist opposition, the Radical Party, should have made non-approval a primary

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issue both within the Congress and before the Argentine public. But even the Peronists split wide on so flagrant an issue. Under pressure from both the opposition and its own rank and file, the government announced that it was willing to "reconsider" certain aspects of the contract in the light of parliamentary debates. Renegotiation was under way when the second revolt broke out on September 16.

Meanwhile *Business Week*, in its September 10 issue, had an interesting and highly relevant comment to make in its column headed International Outlook:

> Instability and hatred in Argentina pose a tough problem for the United States. Washington's policy of cooperating with Peron was based on the assumption that he was solidly in control. . . . But if he is ousted only after a long period of repression—and if the United States continues to support him—the next Argentine government may be deeply embittered.
>
> Meanwhile, Peron is continuing to play ball with the United States. Important business interests are at stake.

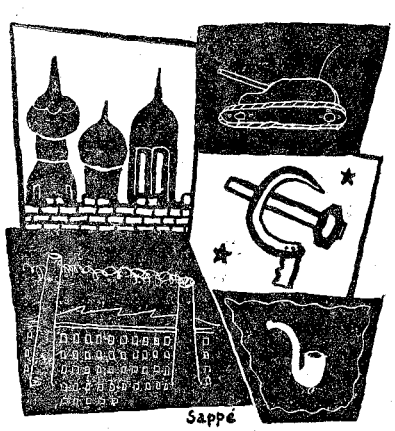
SOVIET SOCIETY

Is There a Bourgeoisie? . . . *by E. H. Carr*

London

A GOOD deal of attention has been given lately to the question of the structure of Soviet society. In a recent B. B. C. broadcast Professor Seton-Watson attempted to establish an analogy between the present ruling class in Soviet society and the ruling class of Victorian England. It was, he suggested, a "state bourgeoisie" instead of a "private bourgeoisie," but still a bourgeoisie—a bourgeois ruling class; and he went on to make comparisons between Soviet and Victorian tastes in architecture and music, to which he attributed a specifically bourgeois character. I may perhaps differ from Professor Seton-Watson less in substance than in terminology. But confused terminology leads to confused thinking, and I want to show here why I find his terminology misleading and suggest some reflections of my own on the structure of Soviet society.

Let us agree, to start with, that every organized society, including Soviet society, throws up a ruling group. Let us also agree that contemporary Russia, like Victorian England, is the product of an industrial revolution. (Incidentally, Great Britain and Russia are the only two great countries which have carried out their industrial revolutions without the aid of foreign capital—a fact which may account for some of the unlovely features which have disfigured both.) I shall refrain from speculating about architecture or music. But it seems to me that it is this common background of industrial revolution which provides the explanation of certain analogies between Victorian literature and current Soviet literature. Both show the same crude moralizing tendencies, the same inclination to paint human conduct in sheer black and white, the same simple, unsophisticated eagerness to reward energy with success and to punish sloth with dis-



grace. Both inculcate the same virtues of industry and application in work and of respectability and restraint in living. These are the virtues which the ruling group in any rising industrial society will want to inculcate in the rank and file of its people—the duty to work as a service to the community, the duty to save, the duty not to squander scarce resources. This is, broadly speaking, what the Victorians called leading "a godly, righteous, and sober life"; and these are the ideals which Soviet moralists also infuse into Soviet literature for the edification of the Soviet worker.

These are no doubt what we commonly call bourgeois ideals or bourgeois values. But this merely begs the question. These are the ideals and slogans of the industrial revolution; and, with us, the industrial revolution, following hard on the French Revolution, was associated economically with the rise of capitalism and politically with the rise to power of the bourgeoisie or middle class. But in Russia the industrial revolution was associated with a totally different political revolution which inaugurated a totally different economic system. The revolution of 1917 overthrew not only what was left of the old feudal aristocracy, but also the new rising industrial and commercial bourgeoisie; it put into power an entirely fresh group of rulers.

QUARRELS about the use of words are generally pointless; and if Professor Seton-Watson wants to affix the bourgeois label to the ruling group of every industrial society and to define the word "bourgeoisie" in that way, I suppose he is entitled to do so. But to call the Soviet ruling group a bourgeoisie seems to me to have two particular inconveniences. The first objection is that the words "bourgeois" and "bourgeoisie" have

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E. H. CARR, a foremost authority on Russia, is the author of "A History of Soviet Russia," the fourth volume of which was recently published under the title "The Interregnum, 1923-1924."

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a specific, and in my view honorable, place in modern history.

The bourgeoisie was the ruling class, and provided the leadership and driving power, in that very great period of history which we sometimes call nineteenth-century civilization. Its twin pillars were the Rights of Man and the Wealth of Nations. It was the great age of the individual. All men were free and equal in the sense that all had equal civil rights. The sole function of the state was to guarantee and protect the enjoyment of those rights. Any organic view of the state, any collective conception of society, was rejected. And the economic order was equally based on the free initiative of the individual in competition with other individuals: "combination" was in principle something bad. In this economic order, private ownership occupied a central place; and this was partly because wealth was the reward and tangible evidence of virtue ("what is a man worth?" meant "how much property does he have?"), and partly because ownership was the essential basis of that private enterprise which made the wheels of industry go round.

PROPERTY was for a long time the condition even of political rights: Marx described forms of property as "the solid basis of the political organization." And this was not a specifically Marxist view. To "have a stake in the country," in the famous Victorian phrase, meant to own property. The last traces of the property franchise did not disappear in this country till well on in the present century. Individual ownership was the basis of bourgeois civilization. "Civil life," says Hauriou in the most famous French nineteenth-century text book of jurisprudence, "consists in the right to utilize *(faire valoir)* one's property." It seems to me that a bourgeoisie which controls neither means of production nor commodities and draws profits neither from production nor from trade is a contradiction in terms. In Soviet Russia we are dealing with a system which, both in theory and practice, rejects every one of the characteristic values for which, historically, the bourgeoisie has stood.

The other objection which I see to this usage is that there was, and to some extent still is, an element in Soviet society which is by common consent properly called bourgeois. When Lenin described the social structure resulting from NEP (the New Economic Policy) he referred to "the cooperation of two classes—workers and peasants—to which are now admitted on certain conditions the nepmen, that is to say, the bourgeoisie." For Lenin in 1921 the bourgeoisie consisted primarily of the nepmen; the next few years saw the rise of another bourgeois group in the country—the well-to-do peasants or *kulaks*. But the point is that these bourgeois elements in Soviet society—the nepmen and the *kulaks*—were outside the ruling group, and were in the position of members of society who enjoyed temporary toleration because the regime was not strong enough to do without them.

It is true that in the middle-nineteen-twenties some of the Bolshevik leaders, notably Bukharin and Rykov, for a time were indulgent to the claims of the *kulaks*. But this so-called Right opposition was put out of business in 1929. The introduction of the first five-year plan and the collectivization of the peasant sealed the issue. If Soviet Russia had been ruled by a bourgeoisie these events would have been inconceivable. The ruling group in Soviet society was decisively and irrevocably anti-bourgeois. There may still be bourgeois elements in Soviet society today—speculators, contact men, and private traders in town and country. But in so far as these bourgeois elements exist, it is notorious that they exist not because the ruling group likes them or wants them but because it is not strong enough to get rid of them. There are enormous inequalities up and down the scale; the ruling group lives better, far better, than the masses. But this is characteristic of any ruling group in any kind of society. It does not entitle the ruling group in the Soviet Union to the bourgeois label.

BUT let us get away from these questions of terminology and look a little more closely at the composition of this ruling group. I will begin historically. The victors of 1917 thought they were establishing a dictatorship of the proletariat, or, a shade more realistically, a dictatorship of the proletariat and the peasantry. Just as the peasants were encouraged to seize the land, so the workers were encouraged to take over the factories. "Workers' control" was the slogan of the hour. Workers' control did not work, and without it the dictatorship of the proletariat ceased to be a reality and became a symbol. It was replaced by what? The answer is clear. By the dictatorship of the party (a phrase used at the time by Lenin and others, though afterwards rejected as heretical) and later by the dictatorship of the party machine. In other words, if we want to identify the ruling group in Soviet society, we have to look not for a class but for a party.

THE MARXIST class analysis of society was a product of the nineteenth century. Few people are convinced by the famous generalization with which the Communist Manifesto opens, that all history has been the history of class struggles. Marx took what he correctly diagnosed as the most significant feature of contemporary society in Western Europe and sweepingly extended it to other periods, where its application was by no means so clear. Marx never explained what he meant by a class: it probably seemed so obvious a phenomenon of the world in which he lived as not to require definition. But I will take Lenin's definition: "Classes are groups of people of such a kind that one group can appropriate the labor of another, thanks to the difference of their position in the specific structure of the social economy."

This takes account of the two cardinal factors in class. Class is primarily based on common economic interest, but it also acquires a quasi-permanent character conferred on it by social tradition or convention. I have never been altogether happy about the application of the class analysis to countries like the United States where, for historical reasons, this quasi-permanent character is weak or non-existent, or to countries like Czarist Russia where the major divisions of society were not economic, but legal and constitutional; and I feel sure that it is altogether misleading as an explanation of the structure of Soviet society. There is no ruling class in Soviet Russia. There is a ruling group which finds its institutional embodiment in the party.

This is, I think, significant. A

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class is an economic formation, a party a political formation. I shall not argue that economic factors play a smaller role in the life of society than in the nineteenth century. But what I would maintain is that the clear-cut line of demarcation between economics and politics which dominated all economic thinking in the nineteenth century, including that of Marx, is out of date. In Soviet Russia, at any rate, economics means politics, and the structure of Soviet society must be analyzed in terms not of economic class but of political party.

AS I HAVE said, the dictatorship of the proletariat was replaced by the dictatorship of the party when workers' control collapsed in the factories. And workers' control collapsed because the workers lacked the necessary technical engineering and managerial skills. One of the first tasks of the party, of the ruling group, was to find the technicians and white-collar workers of all grades to put industry back into production; and the attitude to be adopted to these "specialists," as they were called, was a constant preoccupation of party literature. And when, a few years later, the even more desperate problem was tackled of mechanizing agriculture and introducing modern methods of cultivation, the difficulty once more was to provide not only machinery but skilled personnel to use it and organize its use. It was precisely those specialists who, being indispensable to the regime, came to occupy a leading—and sometimes equivocal—position in the ruling group of what was still called a workers' state; and to study the party's attitude toward them is an important part of the analysis of Soviet society.

From the outset the attitude of the party toward specialists was utterly different from its position on the nepmen. The nepmen, and *a fortieri* the *kulak*, was *ex hypothesi* an enemy of the regime, pursuing aims incompatible with it, tolerated only so long as he had to be. A loyal nepman or a loyal *kulak* was an impossibility; no nepman or *kulak* could conceivably be admitted to the party. The specialist, on the other hand, though by his origins he might be a class enemy like the nepman, was pursuing the aims of the regime whose servant he was. His origins might make him suspect. But he could be, and often was, loyal; and as time went on more and more specialists became party members. Thus, for the specialist, origin was not the determining factor. He might be bourgeois by origin but he was not bourgeois in function. He did not enjoy the economic independence of the *entrepreneur*. On the contrary, he was politically dependent on the government and on the party. If he was successful, success was rewarded not by increased profits but by promotion to a bigger and better job. The soft-pedalling of world revolution, the proclamation of "socialism in one country," and the policy of industrialization eased the process of the assimilation for the specialist. By the end of the nineteen-twenties he had become, by and large, a loyal servant of the regime; the avenues of promotion and of party membership were wide open to him.

I do not think that up to this time the specialist had any important influence on decisions of policy. These were still taken by the old party leadership, by the survivors of the pre-revolutionary party intelligentsia. But in the nineteen-thirties, when a new generation grew up which had never known pre-revolutionary Russia, and when sons of workers had clambered up the educational ladder to the top, the distinctions began to fade. The taint of bourgeois origin was no longer acutely felt; and the whole group of white-collar workers—party officials, government officials, managers, technicians, teachers, doctors, lawyers, and intellectuals of all kinds—began gradually to coalesce. Official pronouncements began to extol the member of this new intelligentsia; the Stalin constitution enfranchised him irrespective of his origin; the party statute of 1939 gave him a

status in the party side by side with the worker and the peasant.

It is in this new intelligentsia, recruited from different class origins, and not constituting a class in the Marxist or Leninist sense of the term, that we must look for the ruling group in Soviet society. This is the group which has substituted itself for the dictatorship of the proletariat; the only theoretical justification for the substitution is that its *raison d'etre* and its purpose—the cementing force which holds it together—is the industrialization of the country. In this respect, it still carries the dynamic of the proletarian revolution; and to this long-term purpose the immediate welfare of the worker, to say nothing of the peasant, will be ruthlessly sacrificed. The ruling group remains pledged to the eradication of everything bourgeois from Soviet society. If it still tolerates a handful of nepmen, it tolerates them because it must. It is engaged in a desperate uphill struggle to turn the *kolkhoz* worker into a good Socialist—a struggle only halted by the still more desperate need to induce him to feed the towns for a meager return in the form of consumer goods. This is the core of the problem which any ruling group that stands for industrialization has to face.

ONE MORE question: How far does this ruling group constitute a closed and privileged social order? Professor Seton-Watson lays stress on the growth of educational privilege. I think too much can be made of this argument. Every ruling group looks after its own, including its own children; and, when good educational facilities are scarce, it will see to it that its children get the best. But the essential fact about Soviet society is that it is the society of an

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expanding economy; and educational facilities, too, are expanding rapidly. In an expanding society policies of exclusion do not work and do not last. The child of the worker does not, it is true, start level with the child of the party official or of the industrial manager. But the gulf is not unbridgeable, and it seems likely to narrow if the Soviet economy continues to expand at anything like its present rate. So long as this goes on, Soviet society and the ruling group will remain fluid and we shall see further changes. Meanwhile, we only confuse ourselves by attempting to equate the present regime in Russia with anything we have seen in the past—whether with a Czarist autocracy or with a Victorian bourgeoisie. It is a new phenomenon in history, with new merits and new vices, and we had better try to see it for what it is.

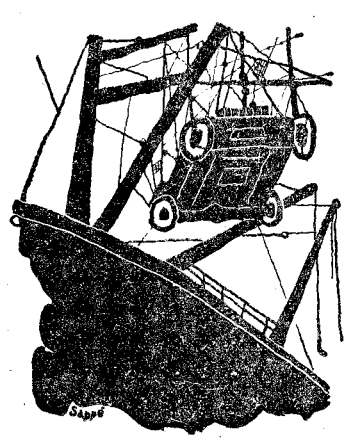
EAST MEETS WEST

Harmony at Trade Fairs . . *by Helen Alfred*

WHILE governments of the East and West are considering positive steps to ameliorate diplomatic relations and halt the mad and burdensome arms race, economic collaboration across the iron curtain is increasing. The many mutual advantages of such cooperation are being demonstrated through the 1955 international trade fairs that have been held during the past spring and summer or are scheduled for the autumn. These great marketing centers are on the calendars of nearly forty European cities, from Britain to Bulgaria and from Sweden to Greece, as well as of Casablanca, Izmir, New Delhi, Tokyo, and Toronto.

European governments and industries have long depended on trade fairs as an effective medium for distributing the food, goods, and services produced in their countries. This year, perhaps more than at any time since World War II, special value attaches to the fairs as they serve to advance the normalization of East-West trade. There is wide participation by buyers and sellers from both capitalist and Socialist countries. All products are exchanged—whether between governments, or between governments and private industries—on the basis of common standards and mutual agreements with respect to trade and payments. The millions of visitors who attend this season's fairs can scarcely fail to be heartened by the fact that the goods on display have been produced, through the enterprise and labor of men and women in all parts of the world, for peaceful purposes. Indeed each international trade fair, even in this period of continuing economic warfare, is a challenging peace show. Its message is clear. Their differences in social and economic systems can not deny to the peoples of the countries represented the benefits from cooperative marketing of the fruits of their labor. Undoubtedly the increasing number of these world-wide market places will expedite efforts to end the cold war and negotiate a firm, lasting peace.

THE FIRST international trade fair of this season opened at Leipzig in the German Democratic Republic (East Germany) on February 28 and ran for ten days. I was in Europe at the time and found little difficulty in traveling through the Soviet Zone from West Berlin to attend it. Since the organization of most fairs follows the same general pattern, some of the details of this one will perhaps serve as an outline of the rest. It was in this handsome old Saxon city that world trade fairs had their beginning some seven hundred years ago when the good burghers decided to open their local *markt* to merchants from beyond the city's walls. For the past century, save for temporary lapses during war periods, a full-blown international trade fair at Leipzig has annually provided common ground for exporters and importers from many countries to exhibit and exchange their wares. In fact residents of Leipzig like to say that their lives have become so conditioned by fair plans and activities they no longer reckon time from month to month but from fair to fair. This year, for the first time since 1945, both spring and autumn fairs were held, the latter one taking place September 4 to 9. Autumn as well as spring fairs are also on the calendar at Cologne, Frankfurt, Utrecht, and Vienna the ostensible purposes being to meet seasonal demands more effectively and to accelerate the progress of national plans and trade objectives.



The fairs are usually sponsored by governments and have financial aid from national and local treasuries. A large share of the overall costs is met through the rental of space to exhibitors and the admission fees of visitors. While the latter may view the exhibits to their hearts' content, and as potential customers are made more than welcome, they may not buy—save eventually, at their home-town shops. While Milan has reputedly the largest fair, at Leipzig the record of attendance this year was 560,000 persons from fifty-four coun-

HELEN ALFRED, a contributor to The Nation, *attended the Leipzig fair at the request of the Citizens Conference for International Economic Union.*

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tries. Among these, 10,687 visitors were from West Germany and 9,912 from other countries of the East and West.

The Leipzig fair is frequently referred to as the gateway to East-West trade. This spring, despite the limiting effects of the cold war, a total of thirty-six countries were represented through 9,767 exhibitors, of which 1,662 were from West Germany and 1,096 from foreign countries—997 from Western ones. Needed to display all these products were thirty-two buildings and halls, covering an area of 307,300 square yards, and an additional 98,000 square yards of open ground.

Viewed as a whole, an international trade fair is a dramatic exposition of the world's economy. The joint exhibits of each country are, for the most part, comprehensive in character but each tends to emphasize some special line of production reflecting the economic geography and the special skills typical of its area. The Leipzig fair was really three fairs in one: the extensive technical fair where emphasis was on heavy machinery and machine tools; the sample fair with varied displays of handicrafts, toys and Christmas decorations, and musical instruments; and the excitingly interesting book fair, housed in the Book Publishing House, showing samples of the fine printing and publishing that long have held a prominent place in Germany's foreign trade. Visitors were given an excellent opportunity to examine, discuss, and close deals for the delivery of a wide variety of products.

EASTERN and Western Germany displayed their impressive machine and engineering exhibit, housed under the same roof, and with the black, red, and gold flag of the old Germany waving harmoniously overhead. However partitioned a nation may be, its divided people still trade with each other, it seems. France, for the first time since the war, took part with a joint exhibition of French industries. There were also nationally sponsored joint displays by Great Britain, the Netherlands, Belgium, Argentina, Uruguay, Luxembourg, and other countries of both hemispheres. Indian industries were represented in a charming pavilion of their own. Sweden was there with ten exhibits and 340 buyers. The Soviet Union and the Peoples Republics of China and Czechoslovakia have their own permanent handsome pavilion at Leipzig. Their exhibits of consumer and heavy industrial goods, as well as those of Poland, Rumania, and other countries of the Soviet orbit, manifested the marked industrial progress they all are making.

It was disappointing to an American visitor at Leipzig to find no displays of our nation's farms and factories. However, some of our industries, in cooperation with the Department of Commerce, are participating with exhibits and information booths at twenty-five of the other fairs of Europe and the East this season, though in none of the Soviet orbit. Also, at the last session of Congress, funds were voted for promoting wider representation of American industry at next year's fairs. It is to be hoped this action may be taken as an earnest of the intention of our representatives to take the initiative in promoting other forms of world economic unity. Trade fairs are important, but they must be supplemented by the lowering of artificial barriers to trade. Especially pressing is the need for lifting embargoes on trade between the East and West, including those between the West and the Peoples Republic of China.

THE TOUGH TEAMSTERS

A Study in Pragmatism . . *by Richard Sasuly*

THE fanciest of the new crop of union headquarters in Washington belongs to the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. The building is relatively small, but it is heavy with wood and marble adornment. Given a different locale, it could house a movie star or a Middle Eastern oil potentate. As it happens, though, the Teamsters' building stands almost at the foot of Capitol Hill, and its location is perhaps the most impressive thing about it. A strong-armed teamster with a silver dollar to waste could very nearly throw the coin from his union's front steps to the Senate Office Building.

The immediate conclusion drawn by observers is that the Teamsters have set up their legislative representatives for an assault on Congress. This conclusion has one flaw. The I. B. T. has no legislative representative.

It might also be thought the new building has something to do with lobbying by Teamsters from other parts. But this idea also contains a flaw: the Teamsters do not bring delegations to Washington.

Some organizations launch national organizing drives from Washington. And certainly any director of organization would be happy with an office in the new Teamster building. Only: the Teamsters have no director of organization.

None of this in any way suggests that either the size or strength of the union is an illusion. Neither does it mean the Teamsters are politically ignorant. They are not. They already knew something about politics—in distinction to what has come to be known as "political action"—back in the days when the head office was in Indianapolis and President Dan Tobin's brother did the shopping for the I. B. T. on the Hill in Washington.

A good deal has been written about the current boom in union-headquarters buildings in Washing-

RICHARD SASULY, author of "I. G. Farben," writes frequently on labor topics.

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ton. The A. F. of L. will move from a small, dowdy, old-fashioned building in a corner of downtown Washington to a handsome pile scarcely a block from the White House. Among others, the International Association of Machinists (A. F. of L.) has nudged its way into an area bordering on Embassy Row and its building site proclaims the I. A. M. as America's fastest growing union. It has been assumed that finally the unions are going into politics on a more professional basis. Actually they have been there for some time, and the physical appearance of headquarters in Washington will not materially change matters. But the union building boom does tell something about the labor movement today—and the Teamsters union is a good case in point.

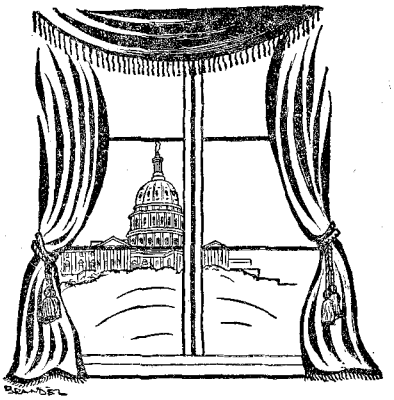
In the past twenty years, unions led by such men as John Lewis, Philip Murray, Harry Bridges, or Walter Reuther have often made front-page news across the country. Not so the Teamsters, and yet today the Teamsters union is in a fair way to overshadow them all.

THE very name of the union indicates this was not always so. Well within the memory of living men, the union's full name was International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Stablemen, and Helpers. Dan Tobin took over the presidency in 1907, just four years after the union was founded in 1903. He remained chief until he was drydocked as president emeritus to make way for Dave Beck.

The union reacted rather phlegmatically to the gasoline engine and the power which trucking would bring it. In due course it dropped the word "stablemen" from its name and added "warehousemen." Then for the most part it continued in its original way, which was to smooth out competition among the various crafts associated with horse-drawn vehicles.

When Dan Tobin began his forty-five years as I. B. T. president, the membership totaled about 116,000. For the next twenty years it stayed at about the same level: it rose to 137,000 by 1910, fell to 111,000 in 1920, dropped to a depression low of 82,000, and rose again to 161,000 in 1936. Within the A. F. of L., it trailed behind the Mine Workers and the Carpenters.

In 1937 something happened to change the drift of American labor history. The I. B. T. had nothing to do with the change, and yet it turned out to be one of the chief beneficiaries. After some months of intermittent conversations, John L. Lewis and Myron Taylor announced on March 2, 1937, that they had signed a labor contract for United



States Steel. The agreement between the head of the C. I. O. and the chairman of the nation's greatest steel concern at one blow fixed a pattern for a quarter of a million workers in basic industry. Within a year, the C. I. O. Steel Workers Organizing Committee had roughly 500,000 workers under contract. It far outdistanced the I. B. T., though at the time no one would have thought of making the comparison. During the winter of 1936-37, the C. I. O. had broken into the automobile industry through the sitdown strikes and thereby served notice that for the first time all basic industry in the United States faced organization. The C. I. O. by no means proved that it could organize any given corporation. But it did demonstrate that American labor had found a workable formula which would succeed in most plants most of the time.

THE Lewis-Taylor agreement symbolized a decision evidently reached informally by most American employers. The decision was to live with labor on some new terms, since in most places unions could no longer be kept out altogether. Experiments with company unions generally failed, leaving employers with one alternative: to exercise choice and to do business with legitimate but conservative unions where possible. This became a chief by-product of the steel agreement. It explains the fact that during and after World War II the A. F. of L. overtook the C. I. O. in membership, passed it, and eventually outnumbered it 2 to 1. In area after area the C. I. O. sent in the organizers and did the basic job of organizing the big plant, while the A. F. of L. picked up everything else in sight automatically.

The A. F. of L. unions reacted in various ways to the windfall which lay in the wake of the Lewis-Taylor agreement. They had different capabilities and they lived in different situations. But the one union above all others in a position to profit by the new prosperity was the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. For the I. B. T. held the crossroads. It had the economic leverage to pull big weight in any situation. Because trucks move in and out of every plant its jurisdiction reaches everywhere. No other union can so speedily cut off such an overwhelming variety of businesses by striking.

There is nothing to indicate that the old Teamster leadership set out to exploit the union's power to the utmost. The potential, though, was great enough so that the union grew steadily once the C. I. O. and John L. Lewis had set the new pattern. By 1940, the Teamsters approached a half million. By 1948 they passed 900,000. They crossed the million-member mark in 1950. Today the union totals about 1,400,000 and has outstripped all other A. F. of L. unions. In size it at least equals and has probably moved ahead of the two big C. I. O. unions, the auto workers and steel workers.

In due course Dan Tobin was pushed aside by Dave Beck, the hustling, eager, self-made business man who ran the I. B. T. in the West and built up his region into the strongest in the union. Beck in national office has not turned out to be another Lewis, however, and attention is centering more and more on his apparent heir and rival, James R. Hoffa of Detroit. Hoffa heads the Midwest teamster conference, parallel to Beck's old organization in the Far West. At present he stands only ninth among the union's vice-presidents, but he is stamped with the pattern that typifies eminence in the Teamsters.

Beck, as he rose to power, seemed to embody every booster-club virtue to be found in a union head. The

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Western teamsters under him used rough methods where they worked, but Beck himself followed Chamber of Commerce precepts. He smiled and slapped backs and joined organizations and amassed personal property, and in due course he arrived at the station of president of the board of regents for the University of Washington.

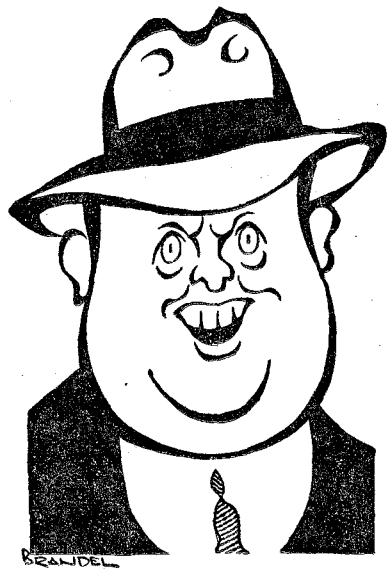
Hoffa, too, has every quality of a rough-hewn young executive. He has drive and ability and is still in his forties. One union official described Hoffa as having a record of "no drink, no chase—he just likes money." It is also acknowledged that Hoffa has had questionable associations, as in his pension-fund dealings. But he has made other connections in the course of throwing the weight of pension money around. Beck flew out to sign the Teamsters' contract with Montgomery Ward, but Hoffa had done the ground work. For the first time on a grand scale, labor intervention in a management fight within a big corporation led to the signing of a union contract. It has been pointed out that the money Hoffa could put into Montgomery Ward stock at the height of Sewell Avery's proxy fight with Louis Wolfson, while it ran into seven figures, amounted to very little in percentage. However, according to one plausible report, Hoffa was able to use various business connections and leverages to line up a bloc of pro-Avery votes far larger than his own holdings.

Business connections like this must have some political effect. And the effect is not New Dealish. Hoffa backed Homer Ferguson's unsuccessful attempt to retain his United States Senate seat in Michigan in 1954. Apparently this resulted not from any great dislike for P. V. McNamara, the man who won with United Auto Workers backing, but from Hoffa's greater obligation to Ferguson and his friends. Beck did not interfere in Hoffa's bad guess in the 1954 campaign. Beck goes eagerly to the White House when bidden, and the relatively quiet opening of the Teamsters' Washington building in July may have reflected a hope that President Eisenhower might make the formal unveiling speech on Labor Day. As a point of reference, it may be recalled that Franklin D. Roosevelt's political masterpiece was a speech he made at a Teamster banquet. Dan Tobin was the solidest Democrat in the A. F. of L. high command, but the Teamsters are nothing if not realists.

In dealing with other unions, the Teamsters follow a course of their own. Beck has paid lip service to the merger between A. F. of L. and C. I. O. But the I. B. T. alone among the leaders in both camps refused to sign a no-raid pact. The C. I. O. continues to complain about Teamster raids. And the Teamsters continue to work out pacts of their own devising. For example, the I. B. T. does have a joint organizing agreement, which is also a no-raid pact, with the Amalgamated Association of Meatcutters and Butcher Workmen. It has similar arrangements with several construction unions, aimed principally at District 50 of the United Mine Workers. It seems to have such an agreement in effect with the independent International Longshoremens Association, no matter how much George Meany and the A. F. of L. leadership may lambast continued corruption on the New York waterfront.

WHICH way is the Teamsters union headed now? For one thing it can be assumed that the Teamster heads will make some effort at centralization. Whatever else it may be, the handsome new building in Washington is a tangible and expensive gesture toward pulling the huge, sprawling union together, whether under Beck or Hoffa. National coordination is also provided by no less than fifteen trade departments. Legal angles bulk large in the work of a businesslike union, and the Teamsters' lawyers meet annually in what amounts to a convention of their own. No less than eighty lawyers who represent the Teamsters in one place or another attended the last such meeting, in Washington during May.

Beyond this the roads divide. Pointing one way is the union's record on a long list of topics: It organizes from on top. It practices high corporation politics, in the same way as big business concerns. It has a history of thuggery. It does not hesitate to endorse anti-labor politicians. Its constitution is no model of democracy. It spends lavishly for the comfort of its officials. In all these respects the I. B. T. could serve as a model for something like an anti-democratic labor front, if the United States is to have one.



Dave Beck

And yet the I. B. T. gropes in another direction too. Like all unions, the Teamsters have long made motions toward organizing the South. So far the South has yielded little ground to organizing drives. It thus remains a constant threat and pressure on the flank of any union which operates on a national scale. The Teamster union's own expansion has inevitably made it Southern-conscious too.

The possibility of an organized South brings up a dizzying prospect of profound changes nationally. Union organization might be the key to revamping the Democratic Party in the South. And, in their own curious way, the Teamsters could be the spearhead of a successful Southern organizing drive. They have long since demonstrated that they don't care whom they do business with, so long as there is something tangible to gain. Hoffa supported Republicans in Michigan. Hoffa is the strong man behind the Southern Conference of Teamsters, and at its annual meeting last May, the chief political speaker was Judge Ralph Yarborough of Austin, Texas, the liberal who nearly broke the Shivers machine in the last gubernatorial race in Texas. The International Brotherhood of Teamsters grew strong as the union of choice of conservative business, yet it might still provide the leverage for breaking into the open-shop preserves of the South.

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JUSTICE IN SUMNER

Land of the Free . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Sumner, Mississippi

THE CROWDS are gone and this Delta town is back to its silent, solid life that is based on cotton and the proposition that a whole race of men was created to pick it. Citizens who drink from the "Whites Only" fountain in the courthouse breathe much easier now that the two fair-skinned half brothers, ages twenty-four and thirty-six, have been acquitted of the murder of a fourteen-year-old Negro boy. The streets are quiet, Chicago is once more a mythical name, and everyone here "knows his place."

When the people first heard that there was national, even worldwide publicity coming to Sumner and the murder trial they wondered why the incident had caused such a stir. At the lunch recess on the first day of the trial a county health-office worker who had stopped by to watch the excitement asked a visiting reporter where he was from, and shook his head when the answer was New York City.

"New York, Chicago, everywhere," he said. "I never heard of making such a mountain of a molehill."

The feeling that it all was a plot against the South was the most accepted explanation, and when Roy Bryant and J. W. Milam ambled into court September 19 they were armed not only with their wives, baby boys, and cigars, but the challenge of Delta whites to the interference of the outside world. The issue for the local public was not that a visiting Negro boy named Emmett Louis Till had been dragged from his bed and identified later as a body that was pulled from the Tallahatchie River with a seventy-pound cotton-gin fan tied around its neck with barbed wire—that issue was lost when people learned that the world was clamoring to have something done about it. The question of "nigger-killing" was coupled with the threat to the racial traditions of the South, and storekeepers set out jars on their counters for contributions to aid the defense of the accused murderers.

Donations to the fund disqualified several prospective jurors, as prosecutors Gerald Chatham, district attorney, and Robert B. Smith, special assistant attorney general appointed to the case, probed carefully at every candidate for a day and a half before accepting the jury. Judge Curtis Swango, a tall, quietly commanding man, combined order with a maximum of freedom in the court, and when he had Cokes brought in for the jury it seemed as appropriate courtroom procedure as pounding the gavel.

WHILE the jury selections went on inside, the crowds outside the building grew—and were automatically segregated. Aging, shaggy-cheeked Anglo-Saxons with crumpled straw hats lined a long wooden bench. Negroes gathered across the way at the base of the Confederate statue inscribed to "the cause that never failed." The Negro numbers increased, but not with the Negroes of Sumner. A red-necked deputy whose pearl-handled pistol showed beneath the tail of his sportshirt explained that the "dressed-up" Negroes were strangers. "Ninety-five per cent of them's not ours," he said. "Ours is out picking cotton and tending to their own business."

Moses Wright, a Negro locally known as a good man who tends to his business, was the state's first witness. He pressed his back against the witness chair and spoke out loud and clear as he told about the night two white men came to his house and asked for "the boy from Chicago—the one that did the talking at Money"; and how the big, balding man came in with a pistol and a flashlight and left with Emmett Till. Mose fumbled several times under cross-examination but he never lost his straightforward attiture or lowered his head. He still of course was "old man Mose" and "Uncle Mose" to both defense and prosecution, but none of that detracted from the dignity of how he told his story.

The rest of the week he was seen around the courthouse lawn with his pink-banded hat tilted back on his head, his blue pants pulled up high on a clean white shirt by yellow-and-brown suspenders. He walked through the Negro section of the lawn with his hands in his pockets and his chin held up with the air of a man who has done what there was to do and could never be touched by doubt that he should have done anything less than that.

When Mose Wright's niece, Mrs. Mamie Bradley, took the stand it was obvious as soon as she answered a question that she didn't fit the minstrel-show stereotype that most of Mississippi's white folks cherish. Nevertheless, the lawyers of both sides were careful to always address her as "Mamie," which was probably wise for the favor of the jury, since a Clarksdale, Mississippi, radio station referred to her as "Mrs. Bradley" on a news broadcast and spent the next hour answering calls of protest.

J. J. "Si" Breland, dean of the defense attorneys, questioned her while he remained in his seat, occasionally slicing his hands through the air in the quick, rigid motions he moved with throughout the trial. She answered intelligently, steadily, slightly turning her head to one side as she listened to questions, replying with a slow, distinct emphasis. "Beyond the shadow of a doubt," she said, "that was my boy's body."

AT lunchtime recess the crowds around the soft-drink and sandwich concession debated her identification of her son, and many were relieved in the afternoon session when Tallahatchie County Sheriff H. C. Strider squeezed his 270 pounds in the wit-

DAN WAKEFIELD is a free-lance writer who was assigned by The Nation *to cover the Sumner trial.*

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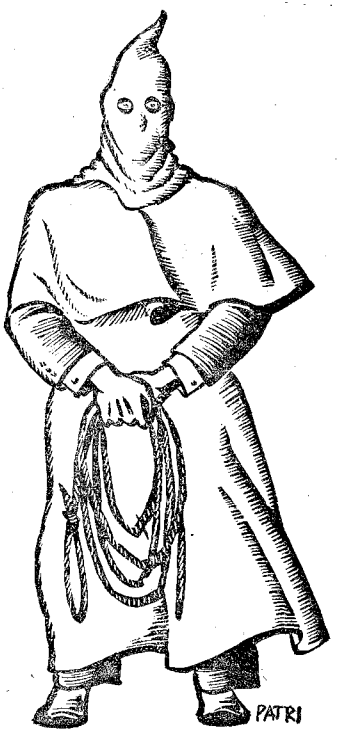
ness chair and said the only thing he could tell about the body that had come from the river was that it was human.

Sheriff Strider, who owns 1,500 acres of cotton land, farms it with thirty-five Negro families, has the grocery store and filling station on it, and operates a cotton-dusting concern with three airplanes, is split in his commitments in a way that might qualify him as the Charles E. Wilson of Tallahatchie County. What's good for his feudal plantation is good for the county, and his dual role as law-enforcement officer and witness for the defense evidently didn't seem contradictory to him. His commitments were clear enough that prosecution lawyers once sent two state policemen to search a county jail for one Leroy "Too-Tight" Collins, a key witness for the prosecution who was missing (and never found).

There were still missing witnesses, dark, whispered rumors of fleeing men who saw the crime committed, when Gerald Chatham tugged the sleeves of his shirt and walked over to the jury Friday morning to make the summation of the case for the prosecution. Both he and Smith, who is a former F. B. I. man, had followed every lead and sent state policemen driving through the countryside in search of the Mississippi witnesses, but only two of the four who were named—Willie Reed and Mandy Brandley—were found. The time had come for Chatham to work with what he had.

IN A matter of minutes from the time he started talking the atmosphere of the court was charged with tension as he raised his arm toward the ceiling and shouted that "the first words offered in testimony here were dripping with the blood of Emmett Till." The green plaster walls of the room had grown darker from the clouds of the rain that was coming outside, as Chatham went on with the tones, the gestures, the conviction of an evangelist, asserting that "the guilty flee where no man pursueth," and retelling the story of the boy's abduction in the dark of night.

J. W. Milam, the bald, strapping man who leaned forward in his seat during most of the sessions with his mouth twisted in the start of a smile, was looking at a newspaper.



Roy Bryant lit a cigar. With his eyebrows raised and his head tilted back he might have been a star college fullback smoking in front of the coach during season and asking with his eyes "So what?"

When Chatham was finished, C. Sidney Carlton, the able attorney for the defense whose large, fleshy face was usually close to where the cameras were clicking, poured a paper cup of water from the green pitcher on the judge's desk, and opened his summation. He spoke well, as usual, but after Chatham's oratory he was doomed to anticlimax. There had been a brief rain and the sun was out with more heat than ever. Defense attorney J. W. Kellum, speaking briefly after Carlton before the noon recess, had the odds of discomfort against his chances of stirring the jury, but he did his best with the warning that the jurors' forefathers would turn in their graves at a guilty verdict. And then he asked what was undoubtedly the question of the week. If Roy and J. W. are convicted of murder, he said, "where under the shining sun is the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

The question was a fitting prelude to the harangue of John Whitten, the defense's last speaker. The clean-shaven, pale young man in a neatly pressed suit and white shirt that defied perspiration announced his faith that "every last Anglo-Saxon one of you men in this jury has the courage to set these men free."

Mr. Whitten went on to declare he had an answer for the state's most convincing evidence—the ring of Emmett Till that was found on the body discovered in the Tallahatchie River. The body really wasn't Emmett Till, Whitten said, and the ring might have possibly been planted on it by the agents of a sinister group that is trying to destroy the social order of the South and "widen the gap which has appeared between the white and colored people in the United States."

He didn't name any group, but the fondly nurtured local rumor that the whole Till affair was a plot on the part of the N. A. A. C. P. made naming unnecessary.

It took the twelve jurors an hour and seven minutes to return the verdict that would evidently help close the gap between the white and colored races in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Tradition, honor, God, and country were preserved in a package deal with the lives of Roy Bryant and J. W. Milam.

REPORTERS climbed tables and chairs to get a glimpse of the acquitted defendants, and the newspaper, magazine, and television cameras were aimed at the smiles of their wives and families in a flashing, buzzing finale. Then the agents of the outside world disappeared in a rush to make their deadlines and the stale, cluttered courtroom was finally empty of everything but mashed-out cigarettes, crushed paper cups, and a few of the canvas spectator chairs that the American Legion had sold across the street for two dollars each.

The trial week won't be forgotten here soon, and glimpses of the "foreign" Negroes who don't till cottonfields but hold positions as lawyers, doctors, and Congressmen have surely left a deep and uncomfortable mark on the whites of the Delta. But at least for the present, life is *good* again. Funds are being raised for separate-and-equal school facilities in Tallahatchie County and on Wednesdays at lunchtime four of the five defense attorneys join with the other Rotarians of Sumner in a club song about the glad day "When men are one."

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BOOKS

Education by Escapade

CONFESSIONS OF FELIX KRULL, CONFIDENCE MAN. By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by Denver Lindley. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

By Carlos Baker

WHEN Thomas Mann died in Zurich last August 12 at the age of eighty, he had roughly planned out the second part of his picaresque novel about Felix Krull, son of a petty bourgeois vintner from a town in the Rhineland near Mainz. This was to have covered another twenty years in the felicitous career of Felix, taking him into and out of marriage, into and out of prison, and up to the point in London where the hero, a trifle jaded like Byron's Don Juan in England, would sit down to make a final accounting of his gentlemanly progress through the capitals and boudoirs of Europe. Death intervened before Mann was ready to set pen to paper. The present volume incorporates, with minor changes, the fragment on Krull's early life up to the death of his father, which was composed as far back as 1911. So this is the sum of what we are going to learn of the fortunes of Krull the Magnificent who, by dint of self-discipline and the intuitive ability to manipulate the ruling passions of other people, rises rapidly from the position of waiter in a Paris hotel to that of a simulated marquis who enjoys a carefully calculated social triumph among the upper classes of Lisbon.

"Confidence Man" is not a good designation for Krull. It is in fact a questionable translation of *Hochstapler*, which means a non-criminal adventurer, a gentleman of fortune, a polite pretender who takes esthetic delight in living above his social means and birthright, an opportunistic assumer-of-guises, skilled in quick invention and always ready to seize the advantage of luck when it arises. "Semper Paratus" might be his motto. The first twenty-odd years of his career form a *Bildungsroman* whose subtitle could be Education by Escapade. Though most readers are likely to begin by detesting the boy Krull was in the 1880's, they may well conclude with at least a grudging admiration for the ironically droll means by which he achieved the status of the man he became in 1895.

For Krull is the type of the artist. Though he dabbles at drawing, his real medium is neither charcoal nor paper. It is rather his own person, his special identity both as body and as personality. This he regards as something to be cared for, hung with fine raiment, guided, disciplined, and trained, and brought finally to the highest point of development of which he is capable. Like many other artists, Krull is a complete egotist who not only takes the world as his oyster but also insists that the sauce must be of the best quality and freshly made. His joy comes in watching the process of self-transformation, as if the first mere blocked-in sketch of a self-portrait were to be gradually enriched and deepened with subtle modulations of color ever more subtly laid on.

IF HE develops his self-portrait in the manner of a painter, he is a veritable musical virtuoso in his ability to command the responses of others. "Do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe?" cries Hamlet to Guildenstern. Krull early finds that he knows the kind of sounds others can be made to emit if he presses the proper stops and employs just the right pressure of breath. Some of the best comic scenes in the book show his usage of this power. By means of it he secures such diverse ends as rejection from service in the German army, easy passage through the customs at the French border, and full conquest of one Mme. Houpfle, the adventurous wife of a manufacturer of bathroom equipment, while Felix is serving as elevator boy at the Hotel Saint James and Albany in Paris. Between this artist and society no rift exists. Society is his instrument, responding precisely and predictably to his operations, whether in gently deflecting the advances of the Scottish lord who wishes to adopt him or neatly falling in with the plan of a French marquis who wishes to exchange identities with him.

But Felix Krull is chiefly an actor, continually engaged with that highest point of the actor's art, the ability not merely to play a part but rather to become, through and through, the personage whose qualities he assumes. He feels only scorn for his unprepossessing mother and his self-indulgent father whose life begins with feasting and fireworks and ends with bankruptcy and suicide. They are victims of selfhood where their son's whole orientation is toward victory through selfhood. This is why Felix makes such a point of criticizing the champagne called Loreley, a poor wine dressed out in the richest-looking of bottles with the most ostentatious of labels, and gleaming with silver foil and golden tassels: the *chef d'oeuvre* of the firm of Engelbert Krull. Nothing will satisfy Felix but an absolute high conformity and even identity between that which a thing pretends outwardly to be and that which the thing inwardly is. This again explains his shocked apprehension, during his first visit to the theater, of the gap between the actor on stage and the actor in his dressing-room. The great Muller-Rose utterly charms his audience with the fluid grace of his performance, the nicety of his every gesture, the *joie de vivre* which he projects across the footlights without seeming effort. Afterwards Felix disgustedly breathes the foul eighteenth-century stench of the actor's dressing-room, watches him remove layers of greasepaint with a filthy towel, and discovers that the arms and shoulders of his paragon crawl and bleed with pustulent infections. Krull's whole future life, so far as we know it, might be described as the effort to close the gap between appearance and reality: to make appearance such a work of art, in fact, that reality could not help conforming to it.

Mann's craft, in both senses, is everywhere evident. He constructs his picaresque novel, a notoriously loose form, with classic symmetry and organic unity. Nothing in Krull's youth but what prepares him to assume the role of the Marquis

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de Venosta, and the easy domination of Portuguese society from the king down. It is not too far down, either, for the capitulation of both the proud Zouzou Kuckuck and her queenly mother brings the novel to something like a Byronic climax. Moreover, it is Mann's semi-private joke to tell this story of a highflying dissembler in a parody of Goethe's autobiographical style, a fact which multiplies ad infinitum the novel's incipient ironies. One may even suspect that Krull is meant as an example of the Daemonic element on which Goethe comments at the end of *"Dichtung und Wahrheit."* Those who possess it, says Goethe, "exercise an incredible dominion over all creatures." Against it, the combined moral powers of society are of no avail. Such men "are to be overcome by nothing but the universe itself." When we leave Felix Krull, the universe has shown no signs of punitive action whatsoever.

Agile Pen and Dry Mind

BAND OF ANGELS. By Robert Penn Warren. Random House. $3.95.

By Maxwell Geismar

MR. WARREN'S new novel has been described as a major work, the best book of the year, a magnificent epic, etc., by a group of reviewers who should know better. Mr. Warren has never been a primary fiction writer: that is to say, either a writer whose primary source is life experience, or a writer whose work is of major importance. His talent is literary and derivative; it is often only a bright mirror of the fashionable influences of his period. He is a formalist and conceptualist—the perfect example of the dry mind—who writes very well indeed, but who views life in terms of abstractions.

His earlier novels showed this very clearly. He was submerged in a Faulknerian decadence which he presented in a diluted and more analytical form. His emotions as a novelist were never related to people or to life situations, but floated, desperately, in the air. In his best work, "All the King's Men," the dramatic situation and the richness of the material—and Mr. Warren's more genuine and poetic sense of *place*—compensated in part for these limitations. But since then his work has declined sharply, even while it has slid in the general direction of Hollywood. I have always had a certain respect for Mr. Warren's intellectual force, but "Band of Angels" seems to me a low point.

At best it is a sophisticated revival of the Southern romances of the 1900's. The heroine is the daughter of a Kentucky landlord who discovers, on the eve of the Civil War, that she has Negro blood, and that her father was bankrupt at his death. She is sold into slavery as a result—but a very benevolent kind of slavery. Her new owner, Hamish Bond, becomes a father-lover symbol to her, because he has himself indulged in the slave trade and knows its horrors and is full of repentance. So full! He has adopted another regal black soul, Rau-Ru, as a foster son; his slaves are almost—if never quite—free men. What Mr. Warren creates here is practically an idyll of slavery in the Old South, and it certainly seems so when the war does break out.

The scene has shifted to New Orleans, where the radical Northerners incite the ignorant ex-slaves to violence which leads to their own destruction. Whatever could be said against the slave-owning class, so Mr. Warren implies, they knew how to handle their Negroes. The Northerners are very ignorant about this. The carpetbaggers cheat and abuse the black workers even more; the Northern generals who occupied New Orleans are stupid and corrupt. The heroine, Amantha Starr, marries a New England idealist who becomes a drunkard when he sees his illusion of the liberation vanish in the face of reality.

But is this reality—or the product of a mediocre fancy? I have summarized "Band of Angels" a little bluntly perhaps, but this is the true import of the novel underneath the rhetorical eloquence and the philosophical disquisitions. Since the people are puppets, the historical background of the story becomes its single virtue. But since Mr. Warren's basic sympathies lie with a literary legend of the Old South, it is difficult for him to describe the real issues of the Civil War in an intelligent light. That this picture of a fratricidal conflict should be called the product of a brilliant historical imagination, as it has been, seems to me a measure of an epoch which is busily revising the whole meaning of our national heritage.

On a symbolic level, "Band of Angels" is a study of Amantha's struggle for "freedom," which comes to her finally not from the North or the South but from her own heart. Yet the core of Mr. Warren's work has never been the search for, or inquiry into, any kind of social or human liberation: but rather a kind of corrosive cynicism and despair about all forms of freedom. This sense of self-imprisonment is never really related to the present heroine, who has no heart to begin with, but it is the one genuine thing in the book.

MAXWELL GEISMAR is the author of several volumes of literary studies about the American novel, and a contributing editor to The Nation.

Naples

A man-face gathered on the eyes of a child
measures me from an alleyway. The child
stirs, but the face has lost its motion:
the face stares at the traffic and the child
picks with one finger at a scab on his knee.
Not looking at it. Not knowing it is there.

He stares at me. I am part of what he knows.
I am the traffic forever in his eyes
and damnation, the way all worlds go
leaving him neither admission nor understanding,
as somewhere in a thicket like the mind
a gargoyle might stare down at running water.

JOHN CIARDI

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Unsuccessful Reverse

WATERFRONT. By Budd Schulberg. Random House. $3.95.

By Bernard D. Nossiter

REVERSING the usual order, Budd Schulberg has fleshed out his commercially successful scenario to produce a novel. Most of the scenes and large chunks of dialogue that mesmerized movie audiences are here reduced to the printed page. The book, like the picture, hurries from event to event, almost as if Elia Kazan were peering over Schulberg's shoulder muttering, "Make it move, make it move."

Once again, that unlikely trio, an ex-pug longshoreman, a pretty Catholic virgin, and a colloquial priest team up to save the waterfront for clean, Catholic-American unionism. But events have a way of outrunning the slickest writers. Instead of the fight between good (Marlon Brando) and evil (Lee J. Cobb) that climaxed Kazan's waterfront western, the novel ends on a puzzled, querulous note with Schulberg imploring us, "What Hoppen?"

The picture at least caught for us the sight, smell, and taste of the longshoreman's setting. The novel lamely tells us most Americans don't live in railroad flats.

At a time in our literature when most talented young men are concerned with intimate dissections of fragile psyches, the gentle reader waits impatiently for novels of three-dimensioned characters interacting with a real world. But Schulberg offers us outsized screen figures. The great naturalists awakened our understanding of life with fresh insights into the human condition; perhaps today writers are afraid to describe a social reality unless it is a state-sanctioned aspect.

Can anyone believe a priest in a dockside parish could know nothing of the way his parishioners live and work until a young girl taunts him? Is Terry, the fighter who finally tells all to the crime commission, man or Marlon? Does Schulberg really think Terry acquiesces in waterfront violence and extortion because his "inability to look into himself or experience anything other than immediate pleasure or pain was nothing but sloth?" Equally improbable is Katie the virgin's literal Catholicism being fired into militant revenge by the murder of her brother.

To be sure, the author of "What Makes Sammy Run" is a polished technician with a knack for taut, dramatic dialogue. There is poignancy and tense understatement in the duet between Terry and his brother, the fast-talking henchman of the racketeer unionist, as they ride to the brother's doom. Father Barry's moving speech to the longshoreman, "Christ stands alongside you in the shapeup," is a stunning piece of imagery and polemic.

SCHULBERG, too, has a reporter's eye. He reproduces accurately the dock worker's sense of being outside the pale and his solidarity against even well-intentioned intruders. His novel exploits some of the freedom that taboo-ridden movies are denied. Mr. Big, a shadowy figure before a TV set in the picture, here is boss of a stevedore concern, bribing union officials because "it was quicker and cheaper to pay ten thousand on the line than to deal with the complicated demands of a genuine union." Schulberg explicitly states one of the waterfront's surface axioms, "Politicians, shipowners, and racketeers, that was the axis on the waterfront." He even allows himself to observe that a Monsignor supports this alliance, but mutes the thrust by concluding that the church is really on Father Barry's side if only he wouldn't move so fast.

But underneath this skin lie some very brittle bones. Father Barry looks to a Christian revolution to rescue the docks from communism and the International Longshoremen's Association. In an age when organized religion is a vestigial institution, manipulated by other, more powerful social and economic forces, the Barry-Schulberg mystique is singularly fanciful. Again, Father Barry urges the dockers to cooperate with the crime commission because it is the "state—which is after all only you and you and everybody else." When it comes to political science in the raw, uneducated waterfront workers could tell Schulberg a thing or two about the nature of the state and whose side it is on. If, in his Hollywood youth, Schulberg had visited San Francisco and other West Coast ports, where a rotary hiring hall and stiff contracts have been routine for a generation, he might have written a different book.

But instead, he is forced to tack on a bewildered ending. He reads the newspapers and discovers that the investigation was held, all the forces of the state and some labor respectables combined to oust the I. L. A., and yet the men, in two secret ballots, stood by their old union. In Father Barry's final words, "Had the mountain strained to bring forth a mouse?"

BERNARD D. NOSSITER was recently on the staff of a New York metropolitan daily.

Accidents Make History

CHANCE OR DESTINY. Turning Points in American History. By Oscar Handlin. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. Little, Brown and Company. $3.75.

By Ray Ginger

THIS is a little book, some 50,000 words, but it propounds an enormous thesis. Mr. Handlin, winner of a Pulitzer Prize for History in 1952, argues that those who have sought to make history a science have been bemused by the search for order and inevitability, for historical laws. They have not sufficiently heeded the influence of individuals and of blind accident.

American history has been, in Handlin's view, "a succession of points, with every point a turning point." And at the turning points, chance and individual personalities have exerted a decisive force. He illustrates this thesis by discussing eight diplomatic and military episodes: the Battle of Yorktown, the Louisiana Purchase, the explosion of a cannon on the *Princeton* in 1844 and the subsequent naming of Calhoun as Secretary of State, the battle of Gettysburg, the purchase of Alaska, the Pacific phase of the Spanish-American War, the sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915 by a Ger-

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man submarine, and Pearl Harbor.

On each of these occasions, so Handlin tells us, chance was the thing. If an accidental freeze had not locked a French fleet in a Dutch harbor in 1802, plus a couple of other fortuitous occurrences, "Louisiana might long have remained foreign soil, an imposing barrier in the way of any future thrust to the Pacific." If that gun had not blown up on the *Princeton*, the annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, the Civil War itself, might not have happened. If a Russian adventurer had not fallen in love with the shape of a Spanish girl's face in California, a Russian army might today be poised at Juneau. A French Louisiana, a Mexican California, a Russian Alaska: only a series of accidents saved us from this. It fairly makes the blood curdle.

It does, that is, if you believe it. And readers whose knowledge of these incidents is limited to Handlin's accounts may well believe it. He has chosen his facts with a keen eye to his thesis, and his dramas march to the appointed goal with the steady tread of a Dreiser novel. Chance has become inevitable.

Handlin's thesis cannot be thoroughly examined here; any one of the episodes he discusses would be worthy of a multi-volume work. I can only state my view that the westward movement would have proceeded at pretty much the same pace, in the same general way, even if Napoleon had not sold Louisiana to us in 1803. Further, I think the United States would have entered World War I even if the *Lusitania* had not been sunk, and that the Civil War would have happened even if Calhoun had died in 1840. And so on.

In claiming a social function for his argument, Handlin says: "It may help men to remember now that if nothing is inevitable, and chance within the limits of the situation is everywhere a possibility, then there is always scope for the assertion of man's influence." How so? It would seem just the opposite. If the inevitable is not subject to human influence, surely chance is equally immune. We are become as pebbles in a flood. And "if nothing is inevitable," rational action is impossible, since acts become rational to the degree that we can predict their effects.

Books in Brief

Antidote for Inaction

THE PEOPLE ACT. By Elmore M. McKee. Harper. $3.50.

Three important frustrations which plague the members of a mass industrial society trying to sustain political democracy are the loss of a sense of community, a widespread feeling that there is little the individual can do, and political apathy and inaction. In some measure this book is an antidote for all three. It contains eleven case studies (selected from thirty-eight presented in a radio series with the same title) of American communities where people have worked together to solve common problems. The communities range from tiny hamlets to cities the size of Seattle and Baltimore. The issues tackled include economic and social stagnation, the provision of hospital facilities for an area which had none, better schools, racial barriers, organized crime, and substandard housing. Unfortunately, no case is included where a community successfully fought attacks on the civil liberties of its citizens.

In all the cases, even in the large cities, a most important by-product was a renewed sense of community—an improvement in civic morale with lasting benefits for all citizens. No less important was the discovery by those participating that the individual really can accomplish something. For what marks these communities from thousands of others is that one or two or a dozen persons took the initiative, overcoming apathy or opposition, and led the community to a solution of its problem. For individuals similarly inclined these cases provide pointers on how to go about it, and perhaps even inspiration to do so.

In Defense of Somervell

THE ORGANIZATION AND ROLE OF THE ARMY SERVICE FORCES. By John D. Millett. United States Government Printing Office. $4.25.

Although this history of the organization which was responsible for military supply during World War II is well below the high standard of objectivity set by previous volumes in the army's history of the war, it is still of interest. Written from the point of view of the late General Brehon B. Somervell and with full access to his personal files, it is the only presentation we are likely to get of the wartime views of the controversial and significant figure who headed the ASF during virtually its entire existence.

Tough, hard-driving, ruthless, General Somervell was one of the ablest administrators in wartime Washington, and students of administration will find much of value in the description of the organizational and administrative techniques used in discharging the tremendous responsibilities of the ASF. Of more general interest, however, is the account of relations between the Army Service Forces and the War Production Board which were characterized by a series of struggles over which of them was to control how much of the industrial mobilization, the WPB accusing the ASF of trying to control the civilian economy, and the ASF accusing the WPB of trying to dictate military strategy. On balance, there would seem to be somewhat more substance to the charges of the WPB.

Mr. Millett is a wholehearted advocate of General Somervell. And, despite the value of having Somervell's views presented, that is a serious shortcoming of the book as history. A central problem of public administration is how to use the ad-

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ministrative talents of men like General Somervell without permitting their authoritarianism to encroach upon democratic policies. That problem Mr. Millett does not face—in fact he may not recognize it.

Inside the Witnesses

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES. The New World Society. By Marley Cole. Vantage Press. $2.95.

For every hundred persons who have encountered Jehovah's Witnesses and their dogged evangelism (see Mob Rule in Crossville by Marley Cole, *The Nation,* June 9, 1951) there is possibly one who has some idea about what doctrine they are propagating. This book supplies that information with as great a clarity as the subject permits. It also gives a history of the sect and its trenchantly anti-clerical leaders, and summarizes the legal battles for religious freedom the Witnesses have fought all over the world.

The Witnesses derived their impetus from the prediction of a self-taught Bible scholar that the world would end in 1914. World War I didn't quite do it, so the date was then declared to mark the start of the "premillenium period." Armageddon—the time of terrible destruction when Jehovah will redeem the earth from the Devil's dominion—is nigh. The Witnesses' job is to spread the word of this incipient event, because those who get the word will be saved to rebuild a happier, holier world. The Witnesses do not look for an eternity in heaven. They expect to spend it here, under new management.

Mr. Cole gives impressive figures to show how rapidly the Witnesses have grown, although presumably the source of the figures is the Witnesses themselves. While he takes the pose of an outsider in his narrative, his sympathy with the group is so strong that he presents their quarrels with science in less than a fair light. His representative Witnesses are unusually sophisticated. He describes their feeling of "diplomatic immunity" from secular laws and sentiment as if heroic dissent were a routine order of faith. But anyone who has seen the Jim Crow "Kingdom Halls" that dot the South will still wonder if the Witnesses really render less to Caesar than do, say, the high-church Episcopalian or the Primitive Baptist.

Films

Robert Hatch

SHAKESPEARE'S "Othello" opens in the middle of a hot conversation and the plot begins to flow at the seventh line. Orson Welles's "Othello," a picture made with great pains and at great expense on location in Venice and Cyprus, opens on the funeral procession of Desdemona and the Moor; it is a slow, serpentine pageant of cassocked friars, their errant passage across the heights of Cyprus being the occasion for moody photography accompanied by a male choir singing "oh, oh, oh" in a minor key.

Since the picture bears notice that it is "based on" the play whose name it borrows, we must not complain at this excessively picturesque way of backing into the story. Nor should we protest when, at the end, Othello stabs himself before moving into the great speech that reaches its climax in the stabbing. It is a fact, however, that this readjustment forces Welles to cut a group of lines as thrilling as any in Shakespeare: "And say besides, that in Aleppo once. . . ." This is idiosyncratic behavior, but Welles throughout is reveling in idiosyncrasy and to that extent his interpretation is consistent. He fancies himself, apparently, as the first dancer in an Oriental masque and he whirls and twists to such good purpose that he never permits himself or any of his supporting celebrants to use the same exit or entrance more than once. This gives the picture the quality of a ride through a grotto of horrors: there is bloody work afoot somewhere in those shadowy halls and damp crypts, but we travel so fast and there is such a roaring in our ears that the features of the villainy are not clear.

I have no objection to Mr. Welles's having himself photographed as he dashes through a liberal selection of Italy's architectural gems and curiosities. He is a splendid figure of a man and the chase is invigorating. But I wish he wouldn't try to tell a story at the same time—particularly a story so terrible, one touching so closely the general madness of humanity. His voice is an impressive instrument, but I could not hear half he said, he panted so; and I cannot attend closely to Othello's tragedy when he sticks his head right out of the screen and drips sweat in my lap. *I* haven't got the damned handkerchief!

Michael MacLiammoir snarls his Iago with a lisp, a really disagreeable rogue, but he behaves more like an unfrocked law clerk—someone out of Dickens—than Shakespeare's bold and cunning devil. Suzanne Cloutier looks as though she could act Desdemona, but every time she starts the job her Othello exits howling and she is left looking chaste and nonplussed.

Orson Welles has proved by now that he is too good for Shakespeare; I wish he would start reviving Dion Boucicault.

"THE AFRICAN LION," latest in the Disney wildlife series, is a first-rate nature film. It contains little that has not been shown in one or another of the earlier pictures from Africa, but it is the most thorough and unmanipulated record of the Plains area that I have seen. The photographers, Ralph and Wilma Milotte, compiled their material with patience and imagination and the editors were content to put it together with almost none of the cuteness or fakery that marred earlier pictures in this series.

The lion dominates the picture, as he dominates the Plains, but he does not monopolize it. He lives in an area that supports perhaps the richest and most varied fauna in the world (presumably that is why he lives there) and the Milottes report on a magnificent catalogue of beasts: elephant, rhinoceros, water buffalo, giraffe, hartebeest, antelope, dozens of smaller deer, hyena, hippopotamus, cheetah (it can run a mile a minute and the camera catches it at full stride), baboon, leopard, ostrich, and so on for a considerably longer list.

The drama of the picture is based on the simple fact that, since grazing animals and preying animals

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live there together in prolific intimacy, the Plains are a never-tranquil area of vigilance, flight, and sudden death. The commentary apologizes rather too much for this state of affairs and is a little sanctimonious about what it calls "nature's way." This, I presume, is to still the sobs of little meat-eaters in the audience.

The picture might have been still better in black and white. This, I know, is ungenerous to the Milottes, who have used color film with great care and skill. But it still goes off distressingly when light conditions are less than perfect and it is never as sharp as good black and white. Much of the footage was taken with telephoto lenses, which bring the unsuspecting animals almost up to your hand, but which have the drawback of haze and shaky focus. This might have been an argument for using the old-fashioned but more sensitive monochromatic film.

WIDE attention will be called to "It's Always Fair Weather" because it contains some rather intelligent kidding of television (the intelligence consists in exposing the vulgarity of television almost straight and inviting the audience to laugh). But it should also be noticed that this "super-entertainment" film is a model of all the sentimental old-buddy pictures that have embarrassed at least a section of the public for years. The script is by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and therefore has quite a few bright lines and not a few overbright ones. It crackles but it also cloys.

Gene Kelly directed and shares the lead with Dan Dailey and Michael Kidd; there is thus a good deal of dancing, at a choreographic level that is a little steep for Dailey, not nearly good enough for Kidd, and just right for Kelly. Cyd Charisse plays a career girl with a heart of gold—an almost intolerable, though by no means original, conception.

The picture contains one brief bit of genuine satire: a man named Hal March, in the role of a dishonest prize fighter, delivers a burlesque of the delinquent, or Marlon Brando, style of speech that is a masterpiece of witty observation.

Records

B. H. Haggin

IN "The Guide to Long-Playing Records: Orchestral Music" (Knopf, $3.50) Irving Kolodin does the writing he has always done: a churning up of words and thoughts concerned less with the ostensible purpose of informing the reader about a record than with the evident purpose of impressing him with the writer. When a critic's eye is on the effect he is making it is by that much less on the object he is writing about; indeed he can impress the reader with writing that has no connection with its supposed subject at all; and I have on occasion pointed out examples of such writing by Kolodin—not only about performances that never happened, but even about performances that he did hear. His writing about Beecham, and more recently about Cantelli, has been of that kind; and in the present book he continues the lines of his previous writing about both of them.

With Cantelli the line has been the experienced and understanding critic detecting the immaturities of inexperienced talent—e. g., "That degree of musical culture and experience which can settle, almost instinctively, on proper tempi and sonorous values for such works as the . . . Mozart [Divertimento K.287] are not yet his," about a performance which exhibited precisely the sure instinct for "proper tempi and sonorous values" that is part of what places Cantelli in a class by himself among the new conductors. And in the book Kolodin—in a high-flown passage of the preface that assigns to each conductor his achievement on LP—not only places Cantelli with Jorda, Argenta, Fricsay, and Dorati "(among others)" who have manifested "hopeful promises of things to come," but whereas he lists the recorded performances of Jorda, Argenta, Fricsay, and Dorati, he doesn't list a single performance by Cantelli. Thus the reader is uninformed about several outstandingly beautiful performances; and I will add that these

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aren't the only ones the book tells him nothing about or even steers him away from. Van Otterloo's performance of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" with the Berlin Philharmonic, outstanding in its sensitive phrasing, its continuity of flow and shape, "would have little interest," says Kolodin, "without the Epic sound"; and he not only dissuades the reader from the good but persuades him to acquire the bad: Ormandy's performance, which, says Kolodin, "speak[s] more favorably for Berlioz than any of the others," but which actually offers coarsening intensification of Berlioz's every nuance.

Beecham, for Kolodin, has been a name to stimulate the flow of sonorous terms of praise with no relation to anything in the performance, good or bad. A momentary attention to what actually came off the record of Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony enables Kolodin to report correctly for once "the flow of the melodic line . . . retarded by arbitrary pauses, the rhythmic impulse not . . . steady"; but the reader who acquires the performance of Mozart's K.297 in which Kolodin reports "a flow of keenly controlled spirit," and the one of Haydn's No. 93 in which he reports "refinement and elegance," will find himself with two of the other ponderously fussy and distorted Beecham performances of recent years.

SIMILARLY Kolodin on one occasion heard that "Scherchen makes a ponderous thing of [the] first movement" of Haydn's No. 94; but the reader who is induced by his unqualified praise to acquire the performances of Nos. 98, 100, 103, and 104 will only then discover the similar eccentricities of slow tempo in those works. And on the other hand the reader who is steered away from the performance of No. 102 by the statement that it is "a tribute to the consistency of Scherchen rather than to his best capacities as a conductor of Haydn" will miss one performance in which Scherchen does not indulge in those eccentricities of tempo, and produces an excellent statement of the work.

The un-awed ear that hears a Cantelli's immaturities is one that also hears a Casals's "offenses against musical taste in phrasing, dynamics, phrase-endings" in a performance of the Schumann Cello Concerto in which they cannot be detected by the sharpest ears I am acquainted with. But real things on records, which a reader should know about, he isn't told of: Stravinsky's omission of the beautiful transition from the Berceuse to the finale of "The Firebird," in his own recorded performance; Patzak's struggle with an old voice, in "Das Lied von der Erde"; the fact that the Boccherini Cello Concerto in B flat is a fake (though Kolodin's silence here is less misleading than what he says on that subject on the envelope of the Westminster recording). And from Kolodin's wonder at the infrequent performances of Prokofiev's Symphony No. 4, which "seems to be in the main path of Prokofiev's development," the reader will not know what Kolodin himself evidently doesn't know—that most of the symphony is taken from the score of the ballet "The Prodigal Son," which has had numerous performances at the City Center.

Kolodin writes on page 180 about the "lustrous, impelling" Toscanini "William Tell" Overture of January, 1953, on Victor LRM-7054, "not to be confused with any earlier, less vivid reproduction of a Toscanini performance"; and on page 229 he stresses that LRY-9000 offers "the *old* 'William Tell' "—from which the reader will not know that the one on the earlier LRY-9000 is the January, 1953, performance as first issued, with the original marvelously beautiful sound untouched, whereas the later LRM-7054 offers the same performance with its sound "enhanced" by the added false gloss and brightness of the cellos in the opening section and the shallowness of the full orchestra later on. "Thoroughly good Carnegie Hall sound," says Kolodin of the Toscanini "Mignon" Overture, leaving it to the reader to discover how the beautiful sound of the introduction changes to the shallow, coarse, noisy "brilliance" of the "enhanced" Allegro. And from Kolodin's talk about the outstanding fidelity of the reproduction of the Toscanini "Pictures at an Exhibition" the reader will not guess the actual distortions of the original beautiful sound by "enhancement" that excessively peaks the treble: the ear-lacerating sharpness of the trumpet in the opening *Promenade*, the snarling of the brass in *Catacombs*, the coarse, noisy "brilliance" of the full orchestra elsewhere.

And it is all like that.

COMING

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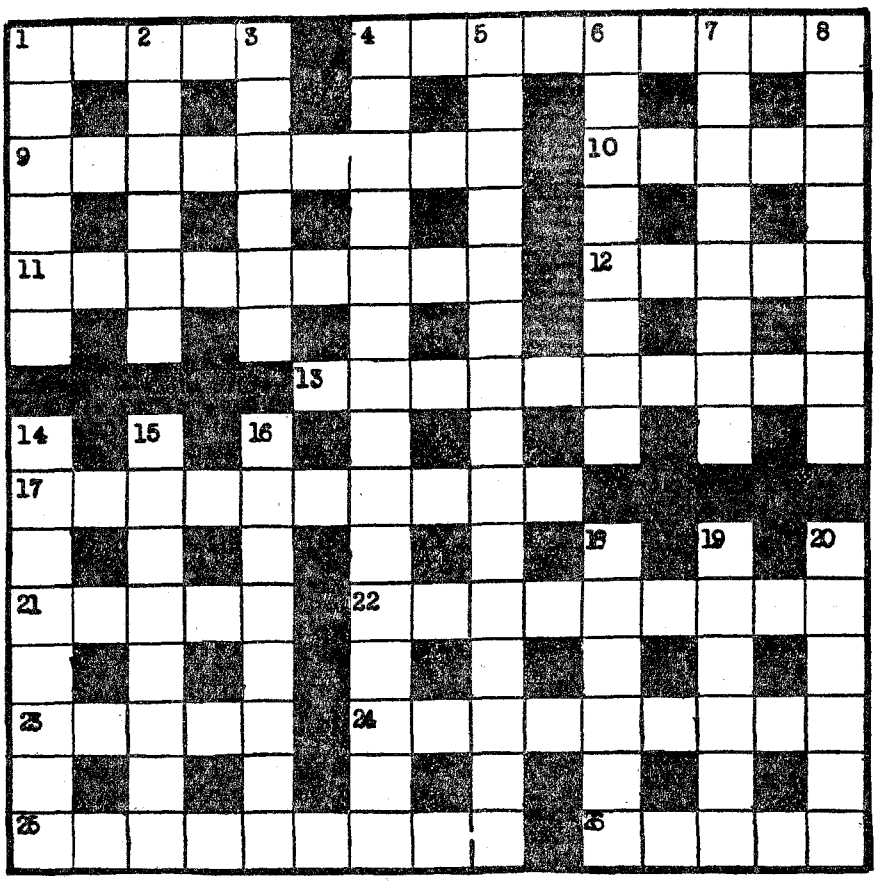

ACROSS

1 Where sailors might find refuge from some chaps. (5)
4. Understanding? (9)
9 The sort of moons associated with the crown? (Implying the futility of light!) (2,7)
10 How to make a running hitch, (5)
11 Some prefer sweetness. (Implying jam, no doubt.) (2,1,6)
12 Doesn't put in a moist condition (5)
13 Occasionally an absence of staff at that time? (3,3,4)
17 See 20 down.
21 Nine to one on this character! (5)
22 Price reduction with 80% of it added? Pretty steep! (9)
23 Great lady of the screen, associated with dress and nothing more. (5)
24 Developed the plot? (9)
25 One certainly doesn't have an agreeable disposition. (9)
26 Found wanting. (5)

DOWN

1 Implying present ability and past performance in the open. (6)
2 Another name for a sort of valse. (6)
3 I would bring up plenty above it without getting excited. (6)
4 Is the staff headed for a period of advice to the wandering? (5,2,3,5)
5 Descriptive of the large-scale gambler? (6,3,6)
6 They should be extremely tenacious. (3,5)
7 First stone, then soil. (8)
8 Implying the air is still in the service? (8)
14 It ain't got that swing if it is, gate! (8)
15 Snug lines seem to show it. (8)
16 One is in this stage at the time of 7. (5,3)
18 I'm in no condition to be like 2 down! (6)
19 So little time! (6)
20 and 17 across You could make another name for this be on, and all. (6,10)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 638

ACROSS: 1 HUMIDITY; 5 GAS JET; 10 and 7 GOING TO JERUSALEM; 11 IN FORCE; 12 JEERS; 13 OCCULISTS; 14 MAORI; 16 TELLTALE; 19 SCANDALS; 22 WOMEN; 24 TULAREMIA; 26 ETHER; 28 TRAILER; 29 INDIANA; 30 DRESSY; 31 MANDATES. DOWN: 1 HIGHJUMP; 2 MAINE; 3 DIGESTION; 4 and 25 down TWO-FOOT RULES; 6 AWFUL; 8 THEISM; 9 FISCAL; 15 OSCILLATE; 17 TOW-HEADED; 18 ENTREATS; 20 ADMIRE; 21 STAMINA; 23 STATED; 27 HEART.

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